



n. y.—a lot of city peepel make a lot of fun outer the rube when he busts into town & they stand along broadway & gives him the laff when he neerley brakes his neck looking at the high buildings, but 1 of them rubes certainly put it all over a bunch of city peepel the other day & got away with a purty big wad of yeller-boys & greenbacks too

this rube had been stung on so manny schemes, buying goldbricks and stocks in mines and such like, so he reckoned as how he wood get even & then call it kwits

he had a printer rite a lot of stuff & print it in a little book which tells all about the gold mine farm, and it said as how the company was going to plant eggplants in the fall in greenhouses so they could get plenty of eggs in the winter

then the book said as how the company had invented a new kind of milk weed which gave pure cream almost, and that 1 aker of milk weeds wood give more milk than a whole flock of cowa & you don't have to feed the milk weeds, for the ground does that so it is all cleer profit.

this guy goes to a lot of rich men & women & sells to them more than 2000 dollars worth of stock, & some he sells to didnt say nothing about it when the prosecutor took hold of the case, for they didn't want peepel to know how they was roped in by a rube.

but they wood like to catch the rube, but they didnt because he beet it out while the beeting was good

AIN'T NATURE WONDERFUL!



The Taxi-Driver

Where's his mask, Lionel?

That's pretty clever, Looie, for right off the bat! These taxi drivers are ultra slick guys. They've got the system for getting the gelt that makes the plumbers look like a flock of pencil and shoestring peddlers.

For instance, you want to make a train in a hurry and you know the station is about five blocks up the street; you hail a taxi and tell the bandit to take you to the "Sleepmore station."

He doesn't answer you because he is busy with a big chew. He goes up the street for a block, then turns and goes over for three blocks, then turns up another street for six blocks and so on until he has made a two-mile circle around the station and he finally breezes up to the station, turns around and opens the door and looks at you as though he broke all the traffic rules getting you to the station.

And say, Sid, is he kind of leary about telling you how much you owe?

Oh, my yes; taxi drivers are very shy like that!

—o—o—o— EXPLAINED

"Yes, my son."

"What is an end-seat hog the papers talk about?"

"And end-seat hog, my son, is the fellow who gets the seat that you want yourself." — Yonkers Statesman.